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And April's gentle rain;  
Fresh leaves are on the vine, but when  
Will Lucy come again?  
The spring is as it used to be,  
And all must be the same,  
And yet I miss the feeling now  
That always with it came.

It seems as if to me she made  
The sweetness of the year;  
As if I could be glad no more,  
Now Lucy is not here.  
A year—it seems but yesterday,  
When in this very door  
You stood; and she came running back  
To say good-bye once more;  
I hear your sob—your parting kiss—  
The last fond words you said;  
Ah! little did we think—one year,  
And Lucy would be dead!

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## MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Great was the crowding to see and hear Herr Niemann during an engagement he fulfilled lately at the Royal Operahouse, an engagement limited to three performances. Large numbers of his admirers were turned from the doors unable to obtain admission, and the thalers must have rattled into the Treasurer's strong box at a most satisfactory rate. The three operas selected by Herr Niemann were *Tannhäuser*, *Cortez*, and *Le Prophète*. In the last opera, Madlle. Lucca appeared to great advantage as Bertha, and Madlle. De Ahna made an excellent Fides. There was a report that Herr Niemann would shortly pay us another visit, but it now appears that this is as destitute of any foundation as are the little winged and chubby-faced cherubs whom we sometimes see on ancient tombstones, and more frequently in old churches. The exigencies of the Opera at Hanover render it impossible for Herr Niemann to procure leave of absence again for some time to come. Another representative of John of Leyden, whom we have heard recently, is a certain Herr Ellinger. He was engaged by the management to appear in several operas, but after his performance in *Le Prophète* his name was not to be found in the bills. I do not think it difficult to guess what was the opinion of his powers entertained by the management. I base this assertion upon one fact, simple perhaps, but, to my mind, peculiarly conclusive. He has packed up his trunks and returned to delight the lovers of German opera at Rotterdam. By the way, speaking of *Le Prophète* reminds me of something very sad. Herr Ander, of the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, whose John of Leyden was one of his best parts, has gone out of his mind. He had obtained unlimited leave of absence, in the hope that his health, which, latterly, had been very bad, might be restored. His best friends, however, entertained grave doubts about his recovery, and those doubts are now more than verified. I pity the poor fellow from the bottom of my heart, but I cannot agree with the majority of musical critics of Germany, and go into ecstasies about his voice, or allow myself to become a prey to despair because we shall hear it no more. I never thought much of it. Herr Ander, the man, has my warmest sympathy, and no one, unless it be a relation or an intimate friend, can feel more acutely the terrible calamity which has befallen him; but for Herr Ander, the artist, I cannot say I grieve much. A sort of fatality seems to be attached to the Vienna Opera. It is not very long since Staudigl, another great favorite, died in a lunatic asylum. I am afraid it is hoping against hope, still let us trust that poor Ander may yet recover his reason and be restored to the intercourse of his friends.

A quasi novelty at the Royal Operahouse has been the revival of Mendelssohn's "piece with songs," Teutonic: "Liederspiel"—*Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde*, but, judging from the result, this production of the great master's is not destined permanently to maintain its place in the repertory. The persons entrusted with the custody of Mendelssohn's papers after his death were naturally desirous of giving the world the benefit of the treasures confided to them. *Die Heimkehr aus der Fremde* was, consequently, produced, in 1851, first at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstadt Theatre, and then at the Royal Operahouse. But it did not draw. The libretto had been written for a particular purpose: it had reference to, and was meant to celebrate the "silver wedding" of Mendelssohn's father and mother; it had never been intended for the public, and, as might have been expected, proved, when presented to the latter, much too slight. The music, also, was more adapted for a drawing-room than for a stage. Moreover, Mendelssohn himself never designed his work for the public at large, and, therefore, did not scruple to use many of the motives in it for other productions. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we cannot feel very much surprised that the revival is far from a decided success. With the exception of the overture, the trio, and Liesbeth's last song, nothing seemed to produce much impression on the audience. It is true that the artists engaged were far from being up to the mark either in their acting or singing. They got through their parts somehow, and that is about all that can be said.

The other operas produced since I last wrote have been *Das Mädchen von Elizondo*; *Fidelio*; *Don Juan*; *Die Zauberflöte*; *Margarethe*, otherwise, *Faust*; *Die Capuletti und Montecchi*; *Fra*

*Diavolo*; *Il Trovatore*; *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; *Oberon*; *Figaro's Hochzeit*; *Robert le Diable*; *La Muette de Portici*; and *Le Lac des Fées*. The mode in which they were performed was that to which we are accustomed here; neither better nor worse, and, therefore, some people would imagine, perhaps, it calls for no especial notice. If they did imagine anything of the sort, such worthy individuals would make an egregious blunder, a fact which I shall endeavor to demonstrate to the best of my humble abilities, as far, at least, as the limited period in which I must conclude my letter, so that it may not be too late for this evening's post, will allow me to avail myself of them, i.e., the humble abilities aforesaid.

As a general rule, the performances at the Royal Operahouse are tame and languishing; they are deficient in "go." This arises, in my opinion, from the system of engaging the artists for life, or as long, at any rate, as they are supposed able to sing, and of pensioning them off when their voices are used up. Such a system may be very agreeable to the artists, whose means of existence are thus secured, but I question whether it conduces to the interest of art. As long as Madlle. Süssstimmé or Herr Notenkopf is striving to obtain a life-long engagement, with a pension backed to it, as I have before explained, either here or at any other Court Theatre—for the system is not confined to Berlin, but prevails throughout the length and breadth of Germany—both, of course, do their utmost to please the public. But directly they succeed in being enrolled as permanent members of a company, vocal fixtures, as it were, in a theatre, they begin to grow apathetic, and go to the theatre in about the same spirit a clerk goes every day to his office. Their profession is changed into a mere money-gaining pursuit with a great deal too much of the mill-horse principle in it. There may be some who preserve their enthusiasm longer than others, but even they grow listless in time, and fall under the common law. There is another drawback attending the system. When an artist is engaged for life, or as long as he can sing, and entitled to a pension when he retires, managers and Intendants are too apt to keep him on the active list long after he has ceased to possess a note in his gullet, simply that they may not have to engage some one else in his place, and have another pension to pay. This is false policy, even in a pecuniary sense, because it keeps people out of the theatre, so that not only does art suffer by the plan now pursued, but the treasury is frequently empty when it otherwise might be full. That I am not overstating the evils of the present order of things any dispassionate person acquainted with the annals of the Operahouse here during the last ten years can testify. I could name several glaring instances of artists long past service being retained for the reason I have mentioned, as well as on other grounds equally or more objectionable, but, being actuated by a desire to further the interest of art and not by a wish to hurt the feelings of individuals, I refrain, and, for the present, at least, drop the subject, though I reserve the right of returning to it at some future period, should I see fit to do so. I suppose what I have said will not please my friend Dr. H——, the London correspondent of the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, but I cannot help that. By the way, the worthy Doctor is wrong for once in his life. In a letter written by him some short time ago, he expresses his conviction that the "lieber Vale," in other words: myself, would not fail to "pitch into" him: "Ueber mich recht tüchtig zu schimpfen" are the *ipsissima verba*—appropos of Madlle. Lucca's reported return to the Royal Opera, Covent Garden. I can assure the Doctor, I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall confine myself—being of an enquiring turn of mind—to ask him what he means by the English finale: "Well, Let him be, I can stand it," with which he winds up his letter. What "Well, Let him be" signifies, I am at a loss to understand. "Let him be" What? Blessed—or the other thing? Is that it? Perhaps Dr. H—— will enlighten me on this point in his next communication.

There has been no dearth of concerts. The Brothers Müller, the most celebrated stringed-quartet in Germany, have given a series—or Cyclus, to adopt the favourite Berlin term—of three concerts. The principal compositions selected by them for performance were Beethoven's Quartet in F minor; Mendelssohn's Quartet in E flat, Op. 12; Haydn's Quartet in D major; Beethoven's so-called Harp Quartet in C major; and Schubert's D minor Quartet. A



goodly array in sober truth! I am sorry to say that I was unable to attend any of the above concerts, but I console myself with the hope of hearing this "band of brothers" at no very distant period, for it is their intention, I have been informed, to give a second series. A friend of mine who did hear them, says that they are greatly improved in the delicacy of their play since they last visited the Prussian capital, but he adds that they are now and then somewhat deficient in vigour. Two works unknown to the Berlin public were performed at the second Sinfonie-Soirée of the Royal "Capelle." They were an overture, by Herr Louis Schlottmann, to *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Faust*, "a picture of character," by Herr Rubinstein. The overture is not without merit, but does not contain enough of that quality ever to become a classical work. Just as "Quædam bestiolæ unum tantum diem vivunt," there are many musical compositions, which, though not absolutely failures, disappear from the concert-programmes nearly as soon as they have found their way into them. This is, if I mistake not, the fate reserved for Herr Louis Schlottmann's overture to *Romeo and Juliet*. I liked Herr Anton Rubinstein's "picture of character" still less. It is dull, heavy, and monotonous. Not even the Russian composer's warmest admirers—at least, not such of them as I know—are very ecstatic in their commendations of it.—A very interesting concert was the first one given by two young artists, Herren Hellmich and Werkenthin, in the large room of the Englisches Haus. It began with a Sonata, in D minor, by Herr Niels W. Gade, for Piano and Violin, played *con amore* by the concert-givers and vehemently applauded, though not more than it deserved, by their patrons. Herr Hellmich executed very satisfactorily an Andante and Scherzo by David, and Ernst's "Othello Fantasia," proving himself a very excellent, if not exactly first-rate, violinist. Herr Werkenthin's contributions consisted of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 110, and Dr. Franz Liszt's Polonaise in E major. Herr Werkenthin did not make much impression in the Sonata, probably because it was a trifle beyond the comprehension of the audience, but he was rewarded with unmistakable signs of approbation for the mode in which he rendered the Polonaise. The gentlemen were assisted by a young lady, Madlle. H. Hausen, who sang the rondo of Sextus from Mozart's *Titus*, and also, Schubert's "Ungeduld" and "Horch die Lech'r;" She evidently had a great many friends in the room, and they did not display too great an amount of judgement in their indiscriminate applause. Such applause does any artist, especially a young one, more harm than good.—There are still several other concerts which I would willingly mention, but I must reserve them for my next letter, as this one has already extended to a tolerable length.

Before concluding, I must find room for two or three miscellaneous items of chit-chat. I suppose you are aware that Herr Anton Rubinstein is engaged in the composition of another opera. The title of the latter is *Roswitha*. Who "Roswitha" is, or what "Roswitha" is, I have not the least idea. When I know, I will not fail to let you participate in my knowledge.—Herr Adolf Stahlknecht composed a Funeral Cantata upon the death of the late King of Bavaria. The present King in return, has presented the composer with the Golden Medal for Art and Science. Herr A. S. better take care. If he does not mind what he is about, he will be having some order or other conferred upon him, like poor Herr von Hülsen, who have just received the Stanislaus Order, Second Class, with the Star, from his Imperial Majesty of Russia.

VALE.

#### PANTAGRUELIOME.—No. 1.

The clock of St. Clement Danes was just striking 7 P.M.—the hour at which the patrons of the Edinburgh Castle are of the fewest, for then have the consumers of the joint eaten their dinners, while the devourers of the kidneys, the sausages, and the Welsh rarebits, have not commenced their suppers, neither have the fogies, who talk politics over gin (or brandy, or whisky) and water yet arrived—when John, the waiter, who had just been snatching a few moments of repose, as an *entr'acte* in the midst of his useful and virtuous labors, was suddenly startled by a very loud voice, which, issuing from one of the boxes, cried out:—

"My Johannes, thou shalt bring me an Apician, or rather let me say a Trimalchonian repast."

"We don't keep it," said John, rubbing his eyes, being on an

isthmus, as it were, between the actual coffee-room and the Arcadian grove, which had been the scene of his dream.

"Hear me to the end," continued the loud voice, becoming considerably louder; "*Respice finem*, as Solon would have said had he talked Latin."

"Which he didn't," interposed John; "he would have said

"Thankye, my Johannes," proceeded the voice, "though we are both of us getting rather beside our purpose. Thou wilt bring me a score of sausages, delicately and partially browned, not so as to inclose the unctuous interior in a thick cortex."

"*In medio tutissimus ibis*," suggested John.

"Thankye again, my Johannes," said the voice, "I could even say, with Georgius Colmannus Junior, 'Thankye, good sir, I owe you one.'"

"Georgius Colmannus? *Is, nempe qui Johannem Taurum fabulam fecit*," said John.

"Precisely, but that is not the fable I have more immediately in mind. I am thinking of the *inops*, the *pauper*,—the—no, it won't do. The ancient Romans had no gentlemen, though the modern have, therefore are they governed by a pope. Our Latinity failing us, let us therefore say, with the Gaul, '*Le Gentilhomme pauvre*' or with the Iberian '*El hidalgo pobre*,' or with the Teuton—"

"Would it not be shortest cut to say, *Poor Gentleman* right off slick?" enquired John.

"I enter somewhat into thy views, my Johannes" proceeded the voice, "though I object to the 'cut' abominate the 'right off' and find the 'slick' detestable. But to proceed with the order, thou wilt bring nineteen Welsh rarebits, and fifteen kidneys."

Now during the above discussion, John had been content to remain ensconced in his own sanctum, which, as everybody knows, stands to the left hand of one entering the coffee-room. He had been content to consider the voice as an order-giving organ, and cared but little as to the sort of case in which it was enclosed. Nevertheless though he had formed his character on those two well-known Horatian lines:—

*Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,*

*Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.—*

(little heeding by the way, who Numicius was, and suspecting that his name rather encumbered the sentiment, than otherwise)—nevertheless, we say, in spite of John's cultivated idiosyncrasy, he felt that a man who could order twenty sausages, nineteen Welsh rarebits, and fifteen kidneys, making altogether fifty-four *objets de consommation*, was not to be seen every day. He therefore emerged from his sanctum, and approaching the box, whence the voice had issued, beheld to his infinite delight the majestic form of Pantagruel.

"*Gratulor tibi felicem reditum*," exclaimed John. You have not been here these four year. (I prefer the singular to the plural in this phrase, as being more racy and idiomatic). If the question be not indecorous, what the devil have you been up to all this long time?"

"The question," answered Pantagruel "is the most indecorous question, both in purport and form, that I ever heard in my life. Nevertheless, my Johannes, thou shalt be enlightened. Since thine eyes last beheld me, I have been sitting in the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre, witnessing the performance of *The King's Butterfly*."

Now by this statement Pantagruel thought to astonish John, but was grievously disappointed, for John having been surprised once in the evening, by the unexpected appearance of Pantagruel, was determined to be surprised no more.

"Ha, indeed," said John, calmly adjusting his white choker.

"Yes," proceeded Pantagruel, "the first act of that exciting drama lasted seven months; then there was an interval of nine months before the curtain rose for the second, which lasted about six months; then I gave up reckoning; but I always knew how the time was getting on, for every first of January I was presented with a new Almanack, fragrant with Rimmel's scent. Thou wilt own my Johannes, that the piece was long."

"Longish," replied John, in the most provokingly, undemonstrative tone.

"D—thy qualifications," roared Pantagruel; "it was long—very long."

"Long and short," said John, "are merely relative terms. A republic that lasted only four years would be deemed a short-lived

state; an human being that dies at the age of four is not cited as an example of longevity; on the other hand, four years consumed in boiling an egg would be deemed excessive."

"A thousand devils take your relatives and your positives, and plunge them into the abyss of Tartarus," bellowed Pantagruel; "I contend that a play which can't be acted in less than four years is a long play."

"Nay," said a remarkably foggy looking person, who had entered the room some minutes before, "I have seen a play, called the *Winters' Tale*, in which as many as sixteen years are supposed to elapse between two of the acts."

"Supposed be d—d," thundered Pantagruel, crimson with rage.

"Don't you see, sir," explained John, not at all proud of his unexpected ally, "His Majesty is talking not of years that are supposed to elapse, but of years that actually do pass."

"Ah," said the foggy person, "and there is another play called *Janet Pride*,—aye, in the first act, they left a baby at the Magdalen Hospital, and in the course of the piece it had grown up to be a young woman."

"What the devil has that to do with it?"—shouted Pantagruel.

"Don't you see, sir," said John, in his blandest manner, to the foggy person, "the confusion that has arisen in your mind 'is utterly unworthy of a rational being.'"

"Then," persisted the foggy person, "there was a baby in the *Duke's Motto*, and another in the *Bohemian Girl*."

Pantagruel was speechless with passion; but John, with undiminished courtesy, went on—"Sir, the man who cannot distinguish between a real year and a supposed year should rather associate with vegetables than with human creatures."

"Another piece," proceeded the foggy person;

But Pantagruel could stand no more. Taking from his pocket his large platina snuff-box, he quickly opened the lid; then seizing the foggy person by the nape of the neck, he thrust him into the box, which, after smartly closing the lid, he returned to his pocket.

"*Optime factum!*" cried John, rubbing his hands.

"Yes," said Pantagruel, "that was a closing argument—a closing argument." But John, not admiring the pun, affected not to hear the remark.

In the meanwhile Pantagruel had been served, and had now commenced eating his meal, taking his sausages one by one, at single mouthfuls, when Epistemon stalked into the room, and broke out in this fashion—

Ah Chloris, that I now could sit

As unconcern'd as when

Your infant beauty could beget

No pleasure nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,

And praised the coming day,

I little thought the growing fire

Must take my life away.

"Not so bad," observed Pantagruel, approvingly. Epistemon went on:—

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,

Like metals in the mine,

Age from no face took more away

Than youth conceal'd in thine.

"Better still," said Pantagruel; "but I don't want to hear any more."

"I utter those lines," said Epistemon, "which you perceive are impromptu."—

"Can't say I do," said John.

"I utter those lines," continued Epistemon, "because yesterday evening I was at an abode of delight called the New Royalty Theatre, and have become enamoured of the lady who played Snowdrop in Mr. Burnand's extravaganza of that name. There is a flash and at the same time a persuasiveness in her glance that is very remarkable; and when she danced among the assassins who threatened to take her life, there was a certain movement of her foot that suggested to me she had something of a divine nature."

"Nor was thy reasoning unsound," said Pantagruel, "for it is said of Venus, '*vera incessu patuit dea*.'"

"True," replied Epistemon, "and this very lady is the Venus in another extravaganza called *Ixion*. Deeply smitten with her beauty I gave vent to the just-recited verses, wherein I call her

Chloris because her name is Nelly Burton, and pretend to have known her from a baby, because I first saw her a few weeks ago."

At this juncture bounce into the room came Panurge, having taken a harlequin's leap through the glass door, and alighted on the shoulders of Epistemon, where he sat, like the Old Man of the Sea, on the head of Sinbad.

"Lying old humbug," cried Panurge, "the verses are by Sir Charles Sedley."

#### SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

*Judas Maccabeus* has promptly succeeded to *St. Paul*, with another performance conferring high credit on this splendidly organized and commendably self-denying institution. The disappointment occasioned by the continued indisposition of Mr. Sims Reeves, who in the great parts of Handel's Biblical lyric dramas (as well as in his sacred oratorios—the *Messiah* and *Israel*), more particularly *Samson* and *Judas*, stands alone, was severe; but as it was duly posted up that he could not appear, no one had a right to complain, and no complaint was heard. Fortunate that so able a substitute for Mr. Reeves should be at hand as Mr. Wilbye Cooper, whose comparative want of physical power, when tested by such a trying ordeal as the martial outburst, "Sound an alarm," is made up for in a large measure by a thorough artistic training and uniformly true conception of the Handelian text—as was advantageously shown in "How vain is man," an air which, though of an opposite character, is, while less physically exacting, no less difficult to execute fluently than its companion to declaim with befitting energy and spirit. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, upon whom devolved the most important share of the soprano part, is becoming more and more proficient in oratorio; especially in the oratorio of Handel and Haydn. Her execution of "From mighty kings" (to cite a single instance) could hardly be surpassed in combined finish and brilliancy. "Pious orgies," the first air of the Israelitish woman, is precisely suited to the gentle, unobtrusive style of singing for which Miss Banks, second soprano on the present occasion, is admired; and probably no living artist could so entirely enter into the spirit of the contralto music, or give the air, "Father of Heaven," with such true devotional feeling and exquisite refinement as Madame Sainton-Dolby, whose appearance in the orchestra before the commencement of the second part was greeted with hearty and prolonged applause. The second tenor was Mr. Montem Smith, invariably careful and correct; the bass, Mr. Weiss, who, well versed in all the oratorios of Handel, has fairly earned the reputation he enjoys as a master of the sacred style. On the whole, indeed, the solo singing left very little to be wished.

A general word of praise for the admirable execution of the choruses must suffice. Some of these—instance, "Hear us, O Lord," at the end of Part I. (which must, one would imagine, have been in Mendelssohn's thoughts when composing "How great are the depths," in *St. Paul*), "Fallen is the foe," at the beginning, and "We never will bow down," at the end of Part II., are among the most solemn and magnificent, some—instance "For Sion lamentation make" and "Ah wretched Israel"—among the most pathetic, and some—for example, "Tune your harp," and the familiar "See the conquering hero comes"—among the most jubilant ever produced by Handel, in his moments of highest inspiration; and were there no solo airs, duets, &c., *Judas Maccabeus*, on the strength of its choruses alone, would be imperishable. "See the conquering hero" (by the way, not originally in *Judas*, but in *Joshua*) was, as usual, encored and repeated.

The band was irreproachable, and every one was glad to see Mr. Sainton this time take his place at the head of the first fiddles. Mr. Costa conducted with even more than his accustomed vigor; and once more the splendours of the "Jewish oratorio," as it used to be called—although, like Gluck's opera, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, brought out the same year, it was written to commemorate the famous battle of Culoden—impressed themselves irresistibly and indelibly on the ear and mind of one of those vast assemblies for whose accommodation, alas! Exeter Hall—that discredit to the biggest, wealthiest, most populous and by no means least musical capital city in the world—is the only available building.

The first "Christmas performance" of the *Messiah* was to take place yesterday evening.

BRIGHTON.—The Choral Union Society, on Monday evening, gave a very excellent concert. Mr. Edward de Paris was pianist, and judging from the warm reception that greeted him he must be a great favorite with the "Brightelmstonians." Mr. de Paris performed some *Lieder ohne Worte*, and was honored at the conclusion with long and loud applause. A *fantasia* (on Scotch airs) exhibited the talent of Mr. de Paris as a composer in a no less favorable light. The choir acquitted themselves satisfactorily in all the pieces entrusted to them. Mr. W. Devin was the accompanist.



## ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

Another English version of an Italian opera has been added to the repertory. *Il Trovatore* was never played so effectively by a company of English singers; and *The Gipsy's Vengeance* has been honored by a reception even more flattering than that awarded to the *Sonnambulist*. Both Mdle. Martorelle, the new soprano, and Mr. Charles Adams, the new tenor, are better fitted in Verdi's opera than in Bellini's. Among other good qualities with which Mr. Adams (Manrico) appears to be gifted are self-denial and willingness to profit by experience. The ready exercise of these enabled him to avoid certain shoals and quicksands that imperilled the success of his first performance, and thus to render his second in most instances irreproachable. With such genuine feeling, indeed, does he sing the expressive address to Leonora (in Italian "Ah si ben mio"), and with such spirited declamation its fiery pendant ("Di quella pira"), that there is no necessity whatever for him to aim at extraordinary physical displays, the inadequate accomplishment of which ill compensates for the sacrifice of purity and taste. What comes naturally enough from Signor Tamberlik, and with less artistic calculation from Herr Wachtel, is quite out of the sphere of Mr. Adams. Let him rather take for model Signor Mario, who, wisely eschewing all such vain attempts, sings "Ah si ben mio," not merely as the composer conceived it, but in other respects as perfectly as could be imagined. In the last scene—the death scene of the self-poisoned Leonora, which contains some of the most touching and beautiful music Signor Verdi has written—the acting of Mr. Adams is as manly and impassioned as his singing is good. Here the English Manrico finds a worthy partner in the English Leonora. By her impersonation of this new character, from first to last, Mdle. Martorelle has more than confirmed the favorable impression created by her Amina. Leonora exhibits the possession of a talent which in her Amina was only half revealed. Her acting is graceful and attractive, always marked by intelligence, and in the more trying situations—such as the scene where Leonora hears the voice of her lover from his prison in the tower, the subsequent interview with the Count di Luna, and the scene of the death already mentioned—reaches a high standard of dramatic expression. The music, too, as we have hinted, suits her better than that of Amina, and thus her performance is from either point of view satisfactory. In the "Miserere," the little change she makes in the received version to which Mdle. Titiens and others have accustomed us, and which may or may not be the strict original, in no way deteriorates the effect, and the whole is so well delivered by herself and Mr. Adams, that the encore it elicits may be pronounced no less genuine than unanimous. In short Mdle. Martorelle's new essay is a legitimate success. Madame Fanny Huddart (to whom the part was previously familiar) is a careful and thoroughly effective Azucena; Mr. Alberto Lawrence—whose romance ("Il balen," &c.) as a matter of course has to be repeated, although it might be sung with more refinement—a Count of vigorous demonstrativeness. Even the subordinate characters of Ferrando and Ruys are efficiently represented by Messrs. Aynsley Cooke and Charles Lyall; and, what with Mr. Gye's decorations, the *mise en scène* of Mr. Augustus Harris, the dancing of Mdles. Duchateau and Bonfanti in the *divertissement* (the music to which must not be attributed to Verdi), and the general excellence of the chorus and orchestral accompaniments, under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, the performance of *Il Trovatore* at the Royal English Opera is well worth witnessing. The overture too, which precedes the opera—Weber's quaint and characteristic prelude to the gipsy drama of *Preciosa*—is in itself an attraction to amateurs.

Mr. Benedict's graceful operetta, *The Bride of Song*, continues to act as a charming "lever de rideau" on the evenings devoted to Mr. Hutton's new opera—which last by the way has had to submit to some curtailments, hardly attributable to the composer himself, seeing that they include some of the most carefully written parts of the music, and among the rest Rose's air "O blessed sleep." As the audience, however, seem as pleased as ever with "Gentle flower" (Madame Lemmens-Sherrington); Jacques's contemplative soliloquy, "The years roll on" (Mr. Weiss); and Stephen's "adieu" to home and to love, "Farewell, farewell, my mountain home" (Mr. Perren)—each of which they insist upon hearing twice, besides applauding other things—Mr. Hutton may feel consoled.

*Il Trovatore*, followed by the third act of *Masaniello*, has been given three times during the present week; *The Bride of Song*, with *Rose*, or *Love's Ransom* once; and *Helvellyn* once—from which it may be gathered that foreign adaptations are found more attractive than native originals. Nevertheless operettas by Messrs. Frederick Clay (who, though an amateur, has shown himself a pretty good musician) and Frank Mori, with operas by Messrs. Henry Leslie and George Osborne, are accepted. M. Gounod's comic work, *Le Médecin Malgré Lui*, adapted for the English stage by Mr. C. L. Kenney, which was to have been produced before Christmas, is

wisely, we think, postponed till after "boxing night," and this foreign adaptation is to be immediately followed by another (by the same adaptor)—M. Félicien David's *Lalla Rookh*, so favorably regarded at the Paris Opéra Comique. Should these prove successful, it is to be feared the promised English works will at the end be driven into a corner. Meanwhile the directors of the "English Opera Company (Limited)" may justly be complimented on their enterprise and spirit.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF FEMALE MUSICIANS.

The customary annual concert of the above institution did not take place during the season for reasons which have not transpired. Although waiting until the very close of the year, it is gratifying to find that the friends of the society, or the committee of management, have exerted themselves to good purpose, and that the cause of benevolence has not suffered. The concert given on Tuesday night at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the direction of Professor Sterndale Bennett, was a thorough success. The room was crowded, and the performance of almost unvarying excellence. Although wanting in the essential element of a grand concert, an orchestra, the programme included some instrumental chamber pieces of the highest importance, foremost of which was Beethoven's Trio in E flat (Op. 70), for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, admirably played by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, Herr Ludwig Straus, and Mr. Daubert. The performance was received with prolonged cheers. Herr Ludwig Straus is a violinist of the first order, and the solo introduced by him in the course of the evening, Ernst's "Papageno," showed him no less expert a manipulator in the brilliant school than a profound exponent of the classic. We are glad to find that Herr Straus is engaged at the first Monday Popular Concerts, which recommence on the 16th of January. Another instrumental performance entitled to mention was Robert Schumann's "Theme and Variations" for two pianofortes, executed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt and Mr. W. G. Cusins. The last-named gentleman, too, deserves notice for his performance of Thalberg's *Mosses in Egitto*, which was loudly applauded. Mr. John Thomas (Pencerdd Gwallia), the eminent harpist, played Parish Alvars' "Imitation del Mandolino" with excellent effect.

The vocal music seemed in a special degree to afford pleasure. Mdle. Liebhart obtained an enthusiastic encore in Beignani's new Guards' Waltz, "Perche non vieni ancora," which she sang with great brilliancy, and substituted Ardit's "Bacio," which was equally well received. Another success for Mdle. Liebhart was Abt's song, "The Cuckoo," written expressly for her, and also encored, but in this case the compliment was merely acknowledged. In a very opposite style of singing, Mdle. Enquist, the Swedish vocalist, was to be commended for her delivery of "Bel raggio" from *Semiramide*, a performance which went far to prove that the lady would distinguish herself on the stage. Madame Sainton-Dolby introduced a new song by Herr Meyer Lutz, called "The Carrier Dove," a clever composition, sung to perfection and loudly applauded, and encored though not repeated. Encores were also awarded to Mr. Winn in Ardit's "Stirrup Cup," and to the Orpheus Glee Union in Becker's part song, "The Little Church"—exquisitely sung. The other singers were Miss Eliza Hughes and Mr. Allan Irving.

CHELTEMHAM.—Miss Rose Brinsmead, from London, has been giving some performances of pianoforte music daily at Messrs. Hall and Co.'s New Rooms on the Promenade, before numerous and fashionable audiences. The fair pianist has also been playing duets for piano and harmonium with M. Mathias von Holst. The Philharmonic Society's concert last week was well attended. M. von Holst conducted, and the whole performance went off with *clat*. Mr. Kennedy, accompanied by Mr. Land, announces for a morning and evening performance of his "Scottish Entertainment" at Messrs. Hall and Co.'s New Rooms.

BRADFORD.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. G. B. Allen's *Harvest Home* seems to produce as genuine an effect on an audience in a manufacturing town as on a bucolic population, to whose sympathies it would be supposed to appeal more directly. After performances in various parts of England and Scotland, invariably attended with good results, it has found its way to the Bradford Festival Choir. At their second concert this season, held in St. George's Hall, *Harvest Home* occupied the second part of the programme and proved a great attraction. The solos which pleased most were "Young Lubin of the Val," for tenor, and "The Man of the Mill," for bass, which last was encored and repeated. The part-song, "The Autumn Sun," was effectively sung by the choir; and, in short, the whole work was given with care and thoroughly appreciated by a very large audience. Miss Virginia Gabriel's *Dreamland* has also been lately given at Bradford by the Musical Union, to whom credit is due for bringing forward new works of merit.

## A CONCERT AT FLORENCE,

(From a Correspondent).

FLORENCE, Dec. 7.

A grand vocal and instrumental concert was given at the Palazzo Rinuccini, on Thursday last, in aid of the poor who suffered by the recent inundations, and was attended by a crowded and brilliant company of the Florentine aristocracy and the principal foreign residents in the city. The Marchesa Maria Piccolomini, whose name and charming talent the opera-going public of England have certainly not forgotten, and Madame Albertini Baucarde, an English lady, whose singing is also remembered by the audiences of Her Majesty's Theatre, and who has now become Italian by marriage, generously contributed their valuable services to the cause of charity, and were greatly applauded and admired. But you will be glad to hear that the highest vocal honours of the evening were attained by a young fellow-countryman of ours, who some two years since resigned an appointment in the Civil Service to seek his fortune on the lyric stage. The profession of the stage, and of the lyric stage more particularly, is one of many blanks, and of a few prizes "beyond the dreams of avarice." It may be said of that road to fame and fortune that it is a steep and sudden ascent; a road through brakes and thorns and wildernesses of neglect and obscurity to an eminence crowned with flowers and radiant with celebrity and success. But a durable success in this career, as in all others, is not to be achieved without a sustained effort of resistance to temptations, of painstaking ambition, labour, and self-denial, of which the world before the curtain, who only see the success, know nothing. It is hit or miss; and for a young English gentleman of good education and position in society to miss the highest place, is to fall to the lowest. Mr. Tom Hohler has been handsomely endowed by Nature; he has good looks, a tall and manly figure, a frank and easy bearing, and last not least, a pure tenor voice, of a rich and rare quality, that reminds you of Mario in his prime, and sometimes even of Rubini; a voice at once virile and tender, sweet, resonant, full. It is not a "robust" voice, I am happy to say—robust voices are as common here as costermongers in Tottenham-court-road—though strong enough, under good training to fill the largest theatre; but a graceful, flexible, suave, spontaneous voice—a voice for which a Mozart or a Rossini might have written before the present "robust" generation of tenors bawled themselves to pieces in revolutionary shouts and squalls. Mr. Hohler has, it seems, been studying uninterruptedly for several months under the venerable Romani, and his method of delivering the voice from the chest, of taking breath, of graduating the transition from the lower to the higher part of the register, his exquisite *smorzando*, betray sufficiently the discipline of that celebrated master. His singing of Donizetti's lovely air, "In terra ci dividerò," fairly surprised an audience by no means uncritical or facile; it was rapturously redemanded, and the singer was twice called for and enthusiastically applauded.

In the duet "Sulla Tomba" from *Lucia* (in the first part of the concert), which he sang with an American lady, he had already come and conquered; but in the solo in the second part his triumph was complete; and the young English tenor was all the "rage."

Now, will Mr. Hohler be satisfied with his early laurels? Let us hope not; he has all the world before him; youth, energy, intelligence; let us hope that he will accept these first honours as an incentive to modest and sincere perseverance in the study of his art, and to the patient cultivation and improvement of his rare natural advantages. In the present lamentable dearth, not so much of good voices as of highly cultivated and intelligent singers, I have thought it worth while (from no mere impulse of national vanity or any purpose of vulgar puffery) to record the appearance of a new English tenor who is actually studying his art, and who not only has a fine voice but knows how to use it. What qualifications or dispositions Mr. Hohler possesses as a dramatic artist I have not heard; he has, it seems, performed in private operatic theatricals in London; but "that's not much." Six feet and upwards are perhaps something too much for a tenor who was to make love to prima donnas (soprani are almost always short, as contraltos are almost always fat) of four feet four or five; but this difficulty is not insuperable; and such a voice, with such a style and (I may add) such a start, should be worth a California to our young fellow-countryman. Mr. Hohler, I hear, is to make his *début* at Venice this Christmas. *Macte novâ virtute!*

HAMBURG.—Mad. Clara Schumann has been playing here.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON'S performance on Saturday morning at St. James's Hall was attended by upwards of 600 children from the various Metropolitan Charity Schools. St. George's, Hanover Square, sent 200; The Hanover Branch, 250; St. Peter's National (Belgravia), 162; and Parmitia Charity, Bethnel Green, 25—together 685. All the children were evidently delighted with the Professor and his clever daughter.

## MILAN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I told you in my last that *La Traviata* had taken the place of *Iubella d'Arragona*, and it still keeps its place in the bills of the Regia Theatre "Canobbiana." But, as usual, the theatre has had to be closed many nights on account of the indisposition of the principal artists. As I told you, on the second night of its performance it was given *minus* the baritone music, owing to the indisposition of Signor Cologni. For two or three nights a baritone was found to supply his place, but as soon as he recovered and sang one night, the *Violetta*, Mdle. Elvira Demi, was taken ill, and the theatre remained closed several nights. In the meantime Donizetti's *Maria di Rohan* has been brought forward, but has not been successful. In fact, on the first night it was quite a *fiasco*, on the second only a little better; so it was withdrawn in favor of *La Traviata*. The latter opera seems to receive a large amount of patronage from the Milanese public, as the theatre is crowded to overflowing on the nights of its representation. Mdle. Demi as *Violetta* appears to great advantage. Her interpretation of the music is charming, and her acting that of a true artist. It is by far the most successful character she has essayed in Milan. Mdle. Demi is a great favorite here, and made her reputation principally by her performance in this opera, which she sang first at the Carcano last winter. The Alfredo is Signor Vicentelli, a painstaking tenor, and a really good artist. Another point in his favor is that he is never indisposed, therefore is invaluable to managers. He was engaged vice Antonio resigned, and will appear in Gentili's opera, *Werther*.

Among other operas for the carnival at La Scala, *L'Ebreo (La Juive)* by Halévy is announced, as is also M. Gounod's *Faust*. Two new operas are mentioned.

The "Carcano," after undergoing redecoration (which, by the way, it was very sadly in need of), will open about the middle of November with *Un Ballo in Maschera*, in which Mdle. Siebs will play the page Oscar, Signora Ponti dell'Armi, Amalia, Signor Ponti dell'Armi, Riccardo, and Signor Baraldi, Renato. I had almost forgotten Madame Lemaire (an old London acquaintance), who will be the Ulrica. Meyerbeer's *Roberto il Diavolo* will also be revived; and a new opera, written expressly for this theatre, will be given in the course of the season.

At the "Teatro Ré" Signor Rossi still attracts large audiences to witness his very striking performances of Hamlet and Othello, and also his performance in a new and successful piece, written expressly for him, entitled *Un Vizio di Educazione*. His season finishes to-morrow, and the theatre will be occupied by a Roman Dramatic Company under the direction of the actor, Signor Belotti. The Teatro Radigonda is occupied by a wizard and the "ghost;" and the Theatres Fossati, Stadera, and Nuovo Re are in full swing. Also the Teatro Gerolamo, where you have a most amusing marionette performance. Weather very unsettled, and for the last twelve days incessant rain. *Angus.*

Borga di Porta Venezia, Milan, Oct. 31.

[Although dated anterior to the letter which appeared in our last, this communication from our Milan correspondent will be found of sufficient interest to justify its insertion.—Ed. M. W.]

CHELSEA.—Mrs. John Macfarren's second evening at the pianoforte in the Vestry Hall, King's Road, came off brilliantly on the 18th ult. and her interpretation of certain masterpieces of the great pianoforte writers was listened to with marked appreciation by an audience crowded to excess. The vocal pieces with which these were diversified were entrusted to Miss Marian Walsh, who was encored in "The beating of my own heart," and in Mrs. John Macfarren's ballad, "One Year." The fair pianist was greeted with unlimited applause throughout the evening, and called upon to repeat Brissac's "Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock" and "The babbling brook," but accepted the compliment in the former instance only.

ETON.—On Tuesday evening members of Eton College Musical Society (with sanction of head master) gave concert at Mathematical School, placed at disposal by Rev. S. Hawtrey. Conductor, Mr. J. Foster. Room crowded with large audience, among whom many college masters and scholars. Programme, comprising choice selections sacred, and secular, commenced with chorale "Sleepers awake" (*St. Paul*)—Mendelssohn. This was followed by solo "Let people praise thee," by Hon. S. G. Lyttelton, and chorus, "Mr. Gambier sang solo 'Jerusalem thou that killest,' &c., Mendelssohn, and duet "Lord is man of war," Handel, was executed by Mr. Parry, and Hon. S. G. Lyttelton. Some of secular music was good, part song "Orpheus with lute" (Macfarren), solo (pianoforte) from *Sonnambula* (Leybach), by Mr. Goselin, song "Che farò" (Glück), by Hon. E. H. Primrose, marking attention and care which had bestowed preparation. Concert closed with National Anthem.—T. DUFF SMITH.



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## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The knowledge having been acquired, in an early period  
of the history of musical discovery, that intervals were capable  
of addition and subtraction, the mathematicians of the period under-  
took to search for some particular interval, as a *common measure*,\* in  
terms of, or in the multiples, or the aliquote parts of whose dimen-  
sions they might accurately express the magnitudes of all the other  
intervals; and Aristoxenus (who was a contemporary with Alex-  
ander the Great) flattered himself in thinking that the  $\frac{1}{2}$ nd part of  
the octave might be thus used;—but it happened about half a century  
afterwards, when the nature of musical ratios, and the properties  
of numbers had been further inquired into, to be demonstrated by  
Euclid, that in mathematical strictness, neither the octave (having  
the ratio  $\frac{2}{1}$ ), the major fifth ( $\frac{3}{2}$ ), the minor fourth ( $\frac{4}{3}$ ), or the  
difference of these last ( $\frac{1}{3}$ , called the major tone), could be applied  
as such common measure; for that no two of these ratios, respec-  
tively, could possibly have any *exact* common measure between  
them; they being ratios, *prime* to each other, or incommensurate.  
This circumstance seems, through a very long period to have  
deterred mathematicians from the attempt at discovering some other  
aliquote part of the octave than  $\frac{1}{2}$ nd, which might approach  
much nearer the truth than Aristoxenus had come to, and near  
enough to it in all the useful cases, for answering the ends of  
practically measuring or defining the different intervals of the scale.

After the invention of logarithms, toward the latter end of the  
17th century, Nicholas Mercator† happily discovered (as Dr.

\* See the article, *Common Measure of Musical Intervals*, in Dr. Brewster's  
"Edinburgh Encyclopedia," which article is understood to have been written  
by Mr. John Farey, sen., whose son is better known than his father, as an  
artist and writer on mechanical subjects in this and other Cyclopedias now  
publishing.

† Not the mathematician who effected so great an improvement in nautical  
charts (whose name was Gerard Mercator), but one who lived more than  
a century later, although Mr. Farey, in Dr. Brewster's Cyclopaedia, has fallen  
into the mistake of confounding these two persons.

William Holder tells us in his *Treatise on Harmony*—printed in  
1731—page 79) that the  $\frac{1}{3}$ rd part of the octave, which he denomi-  
nated an *artificial comma*, might be considered as a common  
measure of all the intervals larger than a comma; but this was not  
proving to a sufficient degree of exactness for the practical repre-  
senting and calculating of temperaments; it was perhaps for this  
reason, as well as for connecting the common logarithms the more  
evidently with the intervals of the scale, that M. Sauveur, in the  
Memoirs of the Paris Academy for 1701, proposed to divide the  
octave into 301 equal parts, which he called *Eptamerides*, but the  
aliquote parts and multiples of which, for want of their possessing  
even so much of agreement and consistency as the smaller numbers  
of Mercator when applied extensively in the addition and subtrac-  
tion of the larger intervals, has occasioned these *Eptamerides* not  
to come into use.

Thus the subject stood until 1807, when Mr. John Farey, sen.,  
re-discovered the numbers of Mercator (who never published his  
mode of deriving them) and showed how they are naturally pro-  
duced. He discovered also, by the same process, a far more  
accurate set of numbers, or *artificial commas* as he denominated  
them, the mode of discovering which he set forth at the time in  
the *Philosophical Magazine*, and since then he has enlarged  
concerning them in the articles *Common Measure*, *Farey's Nota-  
tion of Musical Intervals*, and others in the *Edinburgh Encyclo-  
pedia*, shewing therein that these artificial commas are quite of  
sufficient accuracy for the purposes of defining and calculating  
temperaments of the scale, and for expressing tempered systems in  
every case which can occur in practice. The octave here is sup-  
posed to be divided into 612 equal parts; one of these is taken to  
be the common measure of all the other intervals, and is marked  
with the Greek *sigma*, or capital S. I am, Sir, OTTO BEARD.

SHALL I, asks a correspondent writing from Rotterdam to the  
*Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, give you an account of the state  
of musical matters in Holland? Shall I inform you whether the repu-  
tation that country enjoys of being the fosterer and admirer of Ger-  
man classical music is founded upon fact? Whether its cultivation of  
music is true and genuine and has permeated the masses? And  
what means there are of introducing to the public the works of  
our great masters? My present letter will be an attempt to give  
you, *in nuce*, answers to these questions, for I have been making a  
tour round the whole of this water-laved kingdom and thus gained  
an insight into its musical institutions, public and private. It is  
an undoubted fact that the cultivation of good, and consequently  
German, music is in the ascendant. With the sole exception of  
the Hague, which, by the way, has nothing of the national type  
about it, but is marked by the usual features of the residence of a  
Court, we everywhere find not only German Opera represented upon  
the stage, but in Concert Rooms and private saloons, also, we meet  
with programmes containing, as a rule, to our delight, the names of  
Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer. To  
pay, however, the proper respect to truth, I must tell you that  
Wagner, too, is honored here, and that the easy-going Dutchmen  
are determined not to be behind us Germans in the philanthropic  
acceptance even of those eminent persons who declare themselves  
as appertaining to the future, and, *ergo*, not to us. Amsterdam  
and Rotterdam possess German operatic companies. They  
dispatch their disciples to Utrecht and Leyden, and this Dutch  
Quadrilateral is thus the chief seat of the musical Muse. I cannot  
refrain from stating that the impression produced upon me nearly  
everywhere in the two charming emporiums of commerce above  
mentioned, was that the followers of the creed of the Old  
Testament, a class very numerously represented here, are the  
persons who give the principal impulse to the cultivation of music,



and thus do a good work, partly from an inborn love of art, and partly from an inclination to play the rôle of Mæcenases. In consequence of the affinity of race between the German and the Netherlander, and of the permanent German theatres, the attention of the people is directed to German music, and the question mooted above, as to whether classicism has penetrated the masses, may be answered in this wise: Good German music at present attracts and delights the lower classes as well as the upper. With regard now to the absolute performance, and the resources necessary thereto, the various bands, among whom there are great many Germans, are, on the whole, very good, and the concerts which take place in Amsterdam and Rotterdam can bear comparison with those given in any of the capitals of Europe. In the two cities mentioned the most celebrated artists are engaged regardless of expense, and, in conjunction with the local talent, seconded by well-selected programmes, give really admirable entertainments. I cannot, unfortunately, report in equally favorable terms of German opera. In Amsterdam especially we were surprised, or rather horrified, at seeing our heroes so shamefully treated. For instance, the performance of *Don Juan* was, from beginning to end, a perfect libel on that work. When we consulted the bill, to discover who were the persons who had taken part in this caricature, we found names which, had they not been printed in German letters, and had a kind of German sound about them, we should have expected to meet with in China rather than on our own native soil. When such a wretched state of affairs is the rule, we are not to be satisfied by hearing an artist like Tichatscheck. His failing powers still afford, it is true, evidence of his being a master, but he alone is not capable of averting the universal shipwreck. That such a state of things does not exert exactly a beneficial effect upon musical progress in Amsterdam may easily be imagined; but, for the honor of the inhabitants, I must add that it is everywhere deeply regretted, and fervent hopes are sustained of something better in future. Affairs wear quite another aspect in Rotterdam, where we found a good German company under the energetic and excellent direction of Herr Behr, who is well-known in Germany. We saw *Faust*. The choruses and the band were admirable. Mephisto was sustained in a masterly fashion, both as regards the acting and the singing, by Herr Behr himself. We were delighted at the good sense displayed by him in this very difficult part; he carefully presented us with the delicately ironical side in the demon's character, and avoided anything approaching triviality, a quality unfortunately rendered very prominent by so many artists. His fine acting was supported by a full and sympathetic voice. Madlle. Weyringer, for whose benefit the performances were given on the occasion of our visit, pleased us exceedingly as Gretchen, for, though she does not possess particularly eminent vocal powers, what voice she has she manages very judiciously, and, in the purely lyric-idyllic situations, succeeded in enlisting all our sympathies. Siebel was sung by Herr Schneider, whom we found to be a sensible actor and singer. If I speak last of all of *Faust*, sung, *sit venia verbo*, by Herr Ellinger, I do so in order that I may not spoil until the very last moment the effect of an otherwise pleasing picture. Herr Ellinger was recently in Berlin, so pray excuse anything in the way of criticism on him.\* We have heard, also, a splendid concert here, but of that I will speak in my next letter.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM, the celebrated violinist, was engaged at the third concert given recently by the Gurzenich Society at Cologne, and performed Spohr's concerto, No. 6. His marvellous execution and majestic style were duly appreciated and his performance altogether created great enthusiasm.

\* It will be found, on reference to our Berlin letter in the present number, that VALE also alludes to the same Herr Ellinger.—ED. M. W.

## ROORES AT HAMBURG.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

THE Opera here (at Hamburg), Schleswig-Holstein, notwithstanding, has become the sole talk of the town. Go where you will, address whom you will, Titiens and Murska, Murska and Titiens only, are the subjects of conversation. They have taken the town by storm, established themselves as Queens, and rule with despotic power. A stranger visiting Hamburg would imagine that we were a town of songsters; that such an institution as commerce had no existence; that tallow, hides, corn, hard, soft, and other wares were unknown and uncared for. During the last four weeks we have "talked opera," and convinced ourselves that we were amateurs and even connoisseurs of music in all branches, from the composition to the carrying of desks and instruments. We flatter ourselves we are very difficult to please. It may be so. I will not say we are not. However that may be, we acknowledge the power of music, especially when interpreted by such magnificent artists as Teresa Titiens and Ilma von Murska.

One great advantage these artists possess lies in the fact that you may like them both. You do not admire Titiens one bit the less because you appreciate Murska. Their repertoires and styles are so widely different that their joint efforts help to produce a brilliant partnership, instead of unseemly squabbles, as is usual amongst rival "stars." They are Queens both—each in her dominion. Since I last wrote to you we have been treated to Mozart's glorious opera, *Die Zauberflöte*. This work, beloved by the *Hamburgische Publikane*, is rarely given in consequence of the difficulty of finding a singer capable of realizing Mozart's idea of that exceptional and difficult character, *Astriaflamente*, "Queen of Night."

After the triumphs accorded to Ilma von Murska in the *Sonnambula*, *Lucia*, and the Queen in the *Huguenots*, a general desire was expressed that *Die Zauberflöte* should be presented; first, as a real musical treat, thrown in, promiscuously as it were, amongst the "music of the future;" and, secondly, as *dernière épreuve* of the extraordinary powers of Mdle. Murska. That the performances of *Die Zauberflöte* have proved eminently successful for the manager, the crowded state of the theatre is sufficient proof. That they have firmly established Mdle. Murska as first *coloratur-sängerin* of Germany is unanimously admitted by the public. Every space in the reserved seats has been secured for the last two representations.

I understand that Mdle. von Murska will leave Hamburg for Vienna at the commencement of next week.

Beethoven's *Fidelio* is announced for representation next week—Leonora by Mdle. Titiens. I wish I were Florestan. I would cheerfully wear the faded dress and endure the inevitable humiliations of lower-dungeon existence for such a Leonora as Teresa Titiens. To get me out, *bien entendu*, she is Schroeder Devrient resuscitated, with a certain womanly tenderness and charm that Schroeder Devrient, with all her magnificent qualities, did not possess. I did not see the Leonora of Sophie Cruvelli, but I did see Schroeder and Malibran, and I place Titiens before either of them.

GROKER ROORES.

Hamburg—Lowe-Hoff—Dec. 10.

SIGNOR SIVORI, the eminent Italian violinist, has left Trieste and arrived at Venice. His first concert in the latter town attracted a large public, who warmly greeted him. On the second of December Signor Sivi gave a second concert, and announced a grand *soirée* for the following Wednesday in the Theatre Apollo. The great violinist was to leave the day after, in order to return to Trieste, to assist at Pencana's benefit, and to give a farewell concert.

## MENDELSSOHN SCHOLARSHIPS.

THE following rules, approved by the Committee, on the 9th of November, were submitted for confirmation at the meeting on the 23rd:—

I. Musical students, between the ages of 14 and 21, being natives of, or domiciled in, Great Britain and Ireland, are eligible for election as Mendelssohn scholars.

II. The qualifications of the candidates must be decided talent for music, and the exhibition of a certain amount of proficiency either in the instrumental or vocal branch of the art. Precedence will be given to talent for composition over every other qualification.

III. The scholars are elected (after competition) by the majority of the committee present, for the period of one year, subject to renewal. No person, however, can hold the scholarship for more than three years.

IV. The education of the scholar will be carried on, either in this country or abroad, under the control of the committee, and the expenses borne by the funds of the foundation.

V. During the first year that the successful candidate shall hold the scholarship, he shall not be required to study abroad.

VI. Pecuniary aid, beyond the educational expenses, may be afforded to the scholars, at the discretion of the committee.

VII. At ordinary meetings of the committee, three shall form a quorum; but no election or re-election shall take place unless at least five members are present.

The Mendelssohn Scholarships were founded, in honor of the memory of Mendelssohn, for the education of musical students of both sexes. Mr. Cipriani Potter has succeeded Sir George Smart as chairman of the committee. Mr. Lindsay Sloper occupies the post of secretary, in lieu of the late Mr. Charles Klingemann.

THE C C C CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS are announced to appear at the Polygraphic Hall on "Boxing night."

HERR JEAN BECKER, the well-known violinist, is undertaking a *tournee* through Switzerland. He is expected to arrive in Paris shortly for the purpose of giving a series of concerts.

EXETER HALL.—The Christmas performance of the *Messiah* will be given by the National Choral Society on Wednesday next. Miss Louisa Pyne, whose success in *Elijah* on Wednesday last was so complete, has been engaged by the National Choral Society for next Wednesday's performance of the *Messiah*, and for the *Creation*, which will shortly follow.

BERKENHEAD.—(From a Correspondent).—The second concert of the Wirral Philharmonic Society took place at the Music-hall on Wednesday, the 30th, the attendance being large and fashionable. The artists were Madame Arabella Goddard (pianoforte), Mdlle. Sinico and Signor Bossi, from Her Majesty's Theatre (vocalists). The most remarkable feature of the evening was Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor for pianoforte with orchestra, executed with marvellous brilliancy and spirit by Mad. Goddard, the refinement and charm of whose style, to my thinking, place her apart from all other pianists I have heard. She was well supported by the band, and the whole performance was a rare treat for the Birkenhead amateurs. At the end Madame Goddard was called and received with a volley of applause. Her second display was Thalberg's *Don Giovanni* fantasia, in its way no less extraordinary, and creating no less lively a sensation. The audience, however inclined, could not well "encore" the concerto, but they took their revenge after the *fantasia*, when the fair young pianist returned to the instrument and gave Thalberg's "Home, sweet home," again delighting her hearers beyond measure. The band played the overtures to *Don Giovanni*, *Egmont* and *Le Cheval de Bronze*, besides the *largo* from Beethoven's Symphony in D; the chorus sang the "Market chorus" from *Masaniello*, and the madrigal "Corin for Cleora dying," from Mr. Wallace's *Lovel's Triumph*. Mdlle. Sinico gave the caratina, "Ah! fors'e lui," from *Traviata* (encored), and Ardit's valse, "L'Ardita;" Signor Bossi "Non piu andrai" (encored), and the "Beer Song" from *Marta*; the two joining voices in "La ci darem" and "Dunque io son," Mr. Samuel Percival conducted. The concert was one of the most successful the Wirral Philharmonic Society have held in the course of four seasons.

## PARIS.

From our own Correspondent.

The death of M. Mocquard will be lamented not only in his official capacity as member of the imperial household, but to a certain extent will be felt as a loss to Literature and the Fine Arts. M. Mocquard was a worshipper of the Muses. He wrote a romance called *Jessie* and supplied certain periodicals from time to time with essays and critical discourses. He was also the author of several dramatic pieces in conjunction with MM. D'Ennery and Victor Séjour. Moreover he reckoned Rossini and Auber among his friends, was intimately acquainted with M. Emile Perrin, took especial interest in the affairs of the Grand Opéra, and was always ready to use his influence with his imperial master on behalf of the theatres. For these reasons, as well as because he was greatly loved and esteemed in private life, M. Mocquard's death will be universally regretted.

The *reprise* of *Moïse* at the Opéra has been made much more of than the event warranted. In the first place it can hardly be called a "reprise" at all, seeing that *Moïse* was revived last January and was played off and on throughout the season. In the second place despite what the friends of the theatre affirm, the performance is nothing particular and the singers are unsuited in the music. Why Mdlle. Marie Battu—for whose especial *rentrée*, it would seem, Rossini's magnificent opera has been reproduced, *Credat Judæus*—is glorified by the whole press, I cannot make out. At the Royal Italian Opera, London, Mdlle. Battu holds a secondary place, and, from what I can make out, she affords much satisfaction. But here she is made a *lionne*, and is dubbed a "great artist." She sings indeed very neatly, has a pleasing voice and good looks—*voilà tout*. Her fluency serves her in the music of Anai, or Anaiide, and in the air of the last act, "Quelle horrible destinée," she deserved all the applause she obtained the other evening. If M. Faure could sing the florid music he would be admirable as Pharaon. He looks the character well, acts becomingly and takes infinite pains with the performance. To those, however, who know Rossini's music, M. Faure's singing cannot afford complete satisfaction. M. Obin in his singing masters the music of *Moïse* better than M. Faure that of Pharaon, it being less florid; but does not make so powerful an impression on his audience. M. Warot, as the tenor, is altogether incompetent. Mdlle. de Taisy pleased much in the character of Sinaïde. I attended the performance of *Moïse* a few nights after I had heard *Roland à Roncevaux*. What a contrast! Darkness and Light are not more widely separated than these two works—one all labor, the other all inspiration. I have nothing new to say of the *Africaine*, except that the rehearsals are about to be transferred from the concert-room to the stage. This means nothing more than that the rehearsals will be given with full band.

Signor Naudin has taken leave of the Italian opera. He sang for the last time this season in the *Traviata*. Linda di Chamouni will be brought out shortly with Mdlle. Adelina Patti, Madame de Meric-Lablache, Signors Brignoli, Delle-Sedie, Scalese and Antonucci. Many who take an interest in the Italiens are of opinion that the theatre could be managed better than it is. Indeed, for my own part, I think M. Bagier by no means turns his company to the best account. Mr. Lumley, or Mr. Gye, would, I am certain, make the performances more attractive and would give greater satisfaction to all classes of the patrons of the theatre. M. Bagier talks of doing great things bye and bye. In the meanwhile the subscribers and the public have to be satisfied with used-up pieces and indifferent artists, and the representations throw out a glow on the nights only when Mdlle. Adelina Patti performs. I do not think this state of affairs can last long.

Two new one-act operas were produced at the Théâtre-Lyrique the same night—Thursday, the 8th instant. The name of the first is *Les Bégaïements d'Amour*, words by MM. Deulin and de Najac, music by M. Albert Grisar; the second is called *Le Cousin Babylas*, words by M. Emile Caspary, music by M. Henri Caspary. The wit of the former consists in bringing together two persons who are afflicted with stammering; the last is a piece of buffoonery out of all description. There is merit in the music of both; but that of M. Grisar is far superior. The principal characters in the *Bégaïements d'Amour* are sustained by Madame Faure-Lefebvre and M. Fromant; and those in *Le Cousin Babylas* by MM. Fromant, Wartel and Gerpré and Mdlle. Albrecht. In my next I shall be

able to render you an account of the new *Mireille* about which every musical person has something to say in the way of speculation. A new opera in two acts is in rehearsal at this theatre entitled *Le Roi Candaule*, the verses by M. Michel Carré, the music by M. Eugène Diaz de la Penna, a young man not more than twenty-five years of age, son of the celebrated painter of that name.

The new hall destined for the series of concerts on a grand scale, organised by M. Félicien David, is nearly completed. It is situated in the rue Richer and will occupy the actual place of the *Magazin des Colonnes d'Hercule*. The interior of the hall, in point of shape, is something similar, I am told, to that of your Exeter Hall—no recommendation, I need scarcely say. The concerts are expected to commence about the middle of February. The prospectus announces a thousand seats at the charge of one franc, five hundred at two francs, with a row of stalls and reserved places at three, four and five francs. The specialty of these concerts will consist in there being no regular, or "titular," chef-d'orchestre; each composer will have to conduct *en personne* his own works. I hear that one of the first novelties to be produced is an unpublished mass by Liszt, the partition of which is in the possession of Prince Poniatowski. I also learn that Messrs. Benedict and Costa—your Benedict and Costa—have sent compositions to M. Félicien David.

The programme of the eighth concert of popular classical music, given on Sunday last, the 11th, was as follows:

Symphony in E flat, No. 53—Haydn; Overture to *Leonora*, No. 3 (Op. 72)—Beethoven; Concerto for the violin in B minor, No. 24—Viotti; Symphony in A minor—Mendelssohn.

M. Levassor, after having visited nearly every town in Europe, has returned to Paris, and, stuffed with his universal triumphs, commenced his facetious entertainments forthwith. He gave a "grande soirée bouffe," with costumes, yesterday, at the Salle Herz, transformed *en théâtre* for the occasion, and was assisted by Mlle. Teisseire. M. Levassor has brought with him from London a new creation called *Sir Bull Bull*, a very extraordinary caricature of an Englishman, which seems to hit the Parisian fancies to a T. The entertainment otherwise is very funny.

Paris, Dec. 14.

MONTAGUE SHOOT.

NICE.—Madame Duprez-Vandenheuvel is singing in the *Son-nambula*, at the Italian Opera, with great success.

SIGNOR SALVI, director of the Imperial Opera, has returned to Vienna, and has engaged the baritone Herr Eghard, from Graz, for the next season.

A HINT TO MANAGERS.—In consequence of the immense success of the drama *La Liberté des Théâtres* at the Palais-Royal, the directors, MM. Cogniard and Noriac, have increased the salary of the players in the orchestra by one third.

MADRID.—The Italian troupe here are affording every possible satisfaction. The revival of *Don Pasquale*, with Mlle. Vitali, Signors Corsi, Gassier and Zucchini, has proved a triumphant success. Mlle. Vitali's Norina is spoken of in rapturous terms by the *Madreléne* journals, more particularly *El Pueblo*, *La Democracia*, and *El Criterio*.

LISBON.—Mlle. Volpini and Signor Mogin, have created a furor in *Marta*. The lady seems to have enchanted all eyes as well as all ears, and the gentleman is proclaimed without hesitation a tenor "without a rival." "Never at the San Carlos," writes one of the local journals, "has the air, 'Ove son io, lo sento' been sung as we have heard it to-day. The public has rendered justice to the illustrious tenor in applauding him with enthusiasm. In the duo in the second act with Mlle. Volpini, the great artist obtained unanimous and prolonged bravos."

BARCELONA.—*Norma* has been produced at the Teatro Lyceo with Madame Lafon Rossi, Signors Morini and Bouché. The prima donna was somewhat indisposed, but nevertheless created a powerful sensation as the Druid priestess. Signor Morini is a great favourite at Barcelona, and has a fine voice and a great deal of talent. The other members of the company are Madame Pozzi-Braganti, Signors Bignardi (tenor), Colonnese, and Mr. Santley. A new opera, by Signor Bottesini, the celebrated double-bass player and director of the orchestra at the Lyceo, is announced under the name of *Marion Delorme*.

## Muttoniana.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has once more retraced his steps. The Pope is well and obstinate. Mr. Ap'M. has declined a pressing invitation to Compiègne, chiefly because his Imperial inviters are immediately returning to Paris, and, lastly, because of his (Ap'M.'s) urgent duties as Public Instructor Chastener and Purifier at home.

Mr. Ap'M. salutes his readers, and seeing he has nobody to thank, thanks nobody—not even Drs. Shoe and Wind for taking French leave, in his (Ap'M.'s) absence, whereby *Muttoniana* was ejected from two, if not three (Mr. Ap'M. thinks two), ISSUES.

From one of the inmost rabbit-holes of his secretary Mr. Ap'M. has pulled out the underneath:—

### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

SIR,

I am instructed by the DIRECTORS OF THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY (LIMITED), to inform you that they have had the gratification of placing your name on the free list for self and friends.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

J. RUSSELL.

Royal English Opera, Dec. 1, 1864.

Mr. Ap'Mutton would have preferred self and enemy, having more friends than the theatre could accommodate on ten evenings, and only one enemy—himself (easy to accommodate because spare-legged). Moreover, he (Ap'M.) invariably takes a box for the season, wherever music is going on, reserving the box for self and enemy when a good opera (say *Helvellyn*) is announced, bestowing it on some of his friends when an indifferent (say *Rose*); uniformly, as matter of punctilio, attending first performances, and lending at least one night's ear to every new work—a simple caring being enough for him (Ap'M.) to reach a conclusion.

The envelope, by the way, had evidently been blown open by Dr. Wind; but as it was not superscribed, "private," he (Wind) may have blown it open in the suppositional exercitation of his duties, as editor *pro tem.* of *Muttoniana*.

TO DR. TAYLOR SHOE.

SIR,—Can you instruct me as to the precise day on which Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was produced. You would also oblige by adding the precise month. The precise year is no object. Herr von Bismarck has made a bet about it with the King. Yours obediently (when does Mr. Ap'Mutton return?)

A. LONGEARS.

Schloss Esel—Dec. 14.

Mr. Ap'Mutton is not apprised as to what may be the conditions of Dr. Shoe; but his (Ap'M.'s) conditions are never to answer questions deciding wagers, without a preciput. Nevertheless, for once in a way, and to oblige his facetious friend Herr von Bismarck, Mr. Ap'M. will break rule. *Judas Maccabæus* (or *Maccabæus*) was produced at Covent Garden Theatre on the 1st;—that was the "precise day." "The precise month" was April. So that the "Jewish Oratorio" came out on Fools'-day—the day on which (as Mr. Ap'M. believes) Mr. A. Longears came out and was born. Mr. Ap'M. presided at the first thirty performances, occasionally with his royal friend Wales (Prince Frederick), occasionally with Cumberland (the Duke, his brother), to whom he (Ap'M.) had confided a plan for ousting the Pretender, which plan was put in act by him (Cumberland) at the Battle of Culloden. This was in the year 1746; and the year following saw the birth of *Judas*. Mr. Ap'M. adds so much, not for the information of Von Bismarck, but to satisfy his own (Ap'M.'s) sense of completeness. Mr. Ap'M. remembers on one occasion twitting Dr. Thomas Morrel about his (Morrel's) book, which greatly diverted Georg Friedrich Händel, the famous composer of the oratorio now in consideration, besides of many other musicks. On the evening of the day of the twitting, Mr. Ap'M. attended the first performance of Gluck's opera, *La Caduta de' Giganti*, at the King's Theatre, then



under the management of Lord Middlesex, by whom he (Ap'M.), was invited, after the performance, to supper, to meet Gluck, who just turned thirty, ate with appetite, drank without stint, and talked freely about himself and others, but chiefly himself. It was to Mr. Ap'M. that Handel made the famous remark about Gluck's no knowledge of counterpoint; and he (Ap'M.) remembers well Piccini (or Piccinni) thirty years later, at Paris, making a similar observation. This was at a supper at the Palace, to which Piccinni (or Piccini), as well as Gluck and others, were invited by the Dauphine, Marie Antoinette, on the 19th April, 1774, the very same night on which *Iphigénie in Aulide* was brought out. Gluck had just turned 60; and Mr. Ap'M. remembers well that the Dauphine overheard the remark of Piccini (or Piccinni), just turned 46, complained of it (in an undertone) to him (Ap'M.), accompanying her plaint with an ineffable smile, at the same time informing Mr. Ap'M. that she (the Dauphine), while at Vienna, had been his (Gluck's) pupil; at which he (Ap'M.), being a fast ally of Piccinni's (or Piccini's) as well as a fast friend of Gluck's, and at that instant dazzled with the beauty and melted by the graciousness of the adorable Dauphine, smiled grimly.

Mr. Ap'Mutton has cut out the following, from a report of the Nineteenth Ordinary General Meeting of the Crystal Palace Company, at which he (Ap'M.) had been invited to fill the Chair, but on account of other business couldn't—which accounts for the Chair being occupied, at his (Ap'M.'s) suggestion, by his very capable friend, the Chairman of the Board of Directors, Mr. Thomas N. Farquhar, a worthy Burgess and substantial president. "The following" alluded to by Mr. Ap'M. is as follows, and was noted by Mr. Ap'M. in his commonplace, as

#### A PUNCHER FOR MUSIC.

"Mr. Puncher observed, in regard to the expenditure, he thought many of the specialties might be curtailed. For instance, was it necessary to go to the expense they did for music; and whilst on that subject, he wished to mention that a report had gone forth that the conductor of the last Handel Festival had been paid 500*l.*, and also a present of 200*l.*, but he did not say that was true, although he should wish to hear from the chairman. If such was the case he could but say that those were the specialties which caused the small dividends (hear, hear). He did not believe they could have better directors, but he did think many matters might be curtailed."

Curtail a specialty (?)—pay a present (?)—curtail a matter (?). Pass!—But what should be done with Puncher? The concerts at the C. P. are, in Mr. Ap'M.'s esteem, its most admirable feature; and he who would deprive his very eager little friend, Auguste Manns, of any of his (Manns') resources is not only in his (Ap'M.'s) view an enemy of music but an enemy more or less copperheaded of the C. P. Had Mr. Ap'M. been in the Chair he would have solicited Puncher to put his hands in his pockets and sit down. Where was George Grove? Mr. Ap'M. would suggest that instead of being diminished, the resources of Auguste should be increased—say by some dozen more strings. There is nothing Mr. Ap'M. more deeply affects than the earing of a symphony at the C. P. on Saturday. To him (Ap'M.) the C. P. symphony

"makes Saturday the sweetest of the week"—

—just as his (Ap'M.'s) old friend, Leigh Hunt's, *Indicator* made Wednesday, to his (Ap'M.'s) other old friend, Charles Lamb (Elia). Away with Puncher! Happily the actual Chairman had something to say about the Handel Festival, which to Puncher was as good as a punch. That something Mr. Ap'M. would quote, if only in justice to his friend, Michael Costa:—

"With regard to the festival and Mr. Costa, he did not feel it was desirable to go into details, but he could assure them there was no foundation for the report alluded to; but if it was thought that all the conductor had to do was to walk into the orchestra and wave his baton they were very much mistaken, for he had weeks of labor (hear, hear)."

What, Mr. Ap'M. would ask, is Herr Manns to do, what Mr. Costa—when the one shall have to get up his (Mr. Ap'M.'s) Symphony in G flat minor (written, for the sake of a peculiar sonority, in flats), and the other his (Ap'M.'s) oratorio of *Methusalem*? The Ap'Mutton Festival must sooner or later be a living fact; it is already in the womb of time. The midwife shall be Mr. Costa, as he (Ap'M.) never conducts his own works. Let Puncher take that to heart.

#### A PROTEST FROM PUNCH.

DEAR AP'MUTTON,—Your deputies, Shoe and Wind, have by no means paid me that attention which you led me to hope. Several things

I have sent them have not appeared. I cannot remember having offended either of those gentlemen. Indeed, Horace Mayhew and the Editor of *Lloyd's*—

("Who is not reckoned A 1 at *Lloyds*")—

told me that "though Wind was occasionally boisterous Shoe was as quiet a fellow and as plodding as ever came to foot." However, I am glad you have left that silly old Pope, and walked back to your sheep—among whom not the least docile and confiding is your ancient friend, *Punch* Office, 85 Fleet Street, Dec. 14.

PUNCH.

P.S.—I had forgotten the immediate purpose of my addressing you. My current issue contains what I think an admirable hit at Donato of the Leg, which is not by Tom Taylor, nor by Shirley Brooks, nor by One-who-pays Silver, nor by Percival Leigh, nor by the late Gilbert A'Beckett, nor by the present Lord Chief Justice, but which I should much like to see perpetuated in *Muttoniana*. I enclose it.

Mr. Ap'Mutton finds the "hit" striking, and has real gratification in complying with Mr. Punch's wish. Let the "hit" make its own mark:—

"GO IT YE CRIPPLES!"

"The foot-lights at Covent Garden are to see a one-legged dancer, engaged by the English *Hopara* Company. A perfect step of the Directors?"

The italicised "H" (not italicised by Mr. Ap'M.) is good; and so is the "step" of the Directors. Nevertheless to finish up the epigram, Mr. Ap'M. would have added—"who will jump with joy if it succeeds." Thus we should have a "hop," "step," and a "jump." Such is Mr. Ap'M.'s inward sense of completeness, that he has taken the liberty of suggesting the above for Mr. Punch's consideration, should he (*Punch*) contemplate repeating the "hit" in his next issue.—PRECIPUT.

Mr. Job Pinchpunch presents his respectful greetings to the learned Editor of *Muttoniana* and having waged three to two that Professor Sterndale Bennett was born at Cambridge with Dr. Slime both Mr. Pinchpunch and Dr. Slime have agreed to refer the decision to the learned Editor of *Muttoniana* to whom our combined apologies. *Short Commons, Hungerford, Dec. 15.*

How the fiend could Professor Bennett be born at Cambridge with Dr. Slime? Mr. Ap'Mutton, moreover, objects to decide the wager without preciput. Preciput—preciput—preciput! Sans preciput, henceforward, nil.

Owain Ap'Mutton.

King and Beard, Blackchapel, Dec. 16.

THE LATE MEYERBEER.—Some statements have gone the round of the journals, at home and abroad, that M. Georges Kastner, at the personal desire of the late composer, was to write his biography. It is quite true that M. Kastner has commenced his work, which will be in several volumes, but will not be out for years; but it is quite untrue that he had Meyerbeer's authority in any way. M. Kastner will have no access to any document beyond those which are open to any biographer. The first English record of Meyerbeer's career will be from the pen of Mr. Gruneisen, who was present at the opening representations in Paris of *Robert le Diable*, the *Huguenots*, the *Prophète*, the *Etoile du Nord*, and the *Pardon de Ploemel* (*Dinorah*), and whose long intimacy with the departed genius will enable him to present a biography highly interesting in original matter.—*The Queen*.

LEEDS.—(*From a Correspondent*.)—On Wednesday, the second of a series of orchestral concerts, arranged by a number of amateurs, was given in the Town Hall, and attracted a large audience. The band numbered fifty-five performers, selected from Leeds, Manchester, and Liverpool. These were placed under the experienced management of Dr. Spark, to whom the town is indebted for the finest orchestral performance since the Festival of 1858. Beethoven's symphony in D was played with a precision and finish rarely heard out of London; and never, in the experience of musicians, has so much attention been paid to a great instrumental work by a Leeds audience as on this occasion. The sign is a cheering one, and must be exceedingly gratifying to those devoted amateurs whose time and money have been generously given to bring about such a result. Mendelssohn's overture, "Melusine," received admirable treatment from the band, every member of which seemed perfectly at home and safe under the commanding *baton* of Dr. Spark. The theme with variations from Beethoven's Septuor, tested the individual abilities of Messrs. G. Haddock, Baetens, T. Haddock, Wand, Gladney, Grunier, and Walters, and so admirably did each perform, that an *encore* was demanded. Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. W. H. Cummings were the vocalists, and two more finished singers the committee could not find. Mr. Henry Smart's charming duet from the *Bride of Dunkerron* ("Hark, those spirit voices") was warmly encored. The third concert is announced for January 11th, 1865.

## FISH ON THE BEACH.

Another visit from the "Lady of the Keys!" and another "Recital"! Mr. Fish is in good luck. He returned to the Sole and Mackerel just in time. Had he been late he would never have forgiven himself; or rather, he would never have forgiven Messrs. R. Potts and Co. for not telegraphing him to Cirencester, where he had gone to look at a steeple, and whence he intended proceeding to Tadcaster, on a visit to Dishley (Esq.) Peters. Fortunately it turned out that D. Peters had suddenly been convoked; and so the visit was postponed.

Mr. Fish came back to Brighton, by morning mail, on Saturday the 10th. No sooner arrived, than Jeremiah Board, the cheerful head-waiter, with placid smile and sly wink (as who should say—"I know I've got a surprise for him"), put subjoined on the lunch-table:—

ROYAL PAVILION, BRIGHTON.

**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.**

**Second Pianoforte Recital,**

Saturday, December 10th, 1864,  
THREE O'CLOCK.

Vocalist,  
**MADLE. ELENA ANGELE.**

PART I.

Sonata in F major, "Ne plus ultra" (Op. 41)... *Woeft.*  
Ballad—"My love is an olden story"..... *A. Schloesser.*  
Lieder ohne Worte ("Songs without Words")... *Mendelssohn.*  
Cavatina—"Di tanti palpiti"..... *Rossini.*  
Three Musical Sketches—"The Lake, the Mill-stream, and the Fountain"..... *W. Sterndale Bennett.*

PART II.

Grand Sonata in G major (Op. 31, No. 1.)..... *Beethoven.*  
Song—"Ship Boy's Letter"..... *F. Gabriel.*  
Freude und Schmerz—"A due voci"..... *W. Vincent Wallace.*  
Song—"Oh! would I were a village girl"..... *Randegger.*  
Fantasia on themes from Gounod's "Mireille"..... *Lindsay Sloper.*

Pianoforte,  
**MADAME ARABELLA GODDARD.**

Stalls, numbered and reserved, 5s. Unreserved Seats, 3s.

To pull out his purse, place half a sovereign in the open palm (it was already open instinctively, as if aware of what was coming) of Jeremiah Board, and tell him to purchase two stalls, was the work of half a second. An eye-twinkle could not have occupied less time. Mr. Fish was determined this once to take Mrs. Fish, who herself plays (with) one of Bach's fugues—the *Fuga alla Tarantella*, which Mr. Fish purchased at Duncan Davison's, 244, Regent Street.\*

Mr. Fish was charmed with the whole programme. How could he be otherwise? The delicious *Sketches* of Sterndale Bennett were as welcome as, recently, at Greenwich, and the playing as young and fresh and sparkling. The *fantasia* by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, on the pastoral melodies of *Mireille*, is certainly a hit. Mr. Fish found it even better at Brighton than at Greenwich, and could not help likening the gentle Arabella—as the passages came, now gliding now rippling, from her plastic fingers—to Watteau's prettiest *bergère* in his prettiest woodland *tableau*, with a golden-toned Broadwood, instead of a lute or a pipe, for her diversion and that of the bye-sitters. The whole of Woeft's sonata was given this time; at which Mr. Fish was glad, remembering that the first movement is the best. And how those endless scales of double-notes were played!—with what unerring sureness!—and yet what giddy speed! The variations on "Life let us cherish" were as effective as ever, the one with arpeggios (in the minor), best of all. The mournful tones of an *Æolian* harp, when the night-wind sweeps its strings, and the cadence rises and falls at fits, is the

\* Christmas is approaching. A barrel of oysters would not be despised. "Oyster for Oyster," ("Austria for Austria.") Messrs. Duncan Davison & Co. have heard of the saw.

only thing to which the effect of this variation, as breathed by Arabella Goddard, can be compared. The *Lieder* from Mendelssohn were admirably selected. The first was the plaintive romance in A minor, from Book I—the wail of a forlorn maiden (always recalling to Mr. Fish the delicate stanzas of Shelley—

"A widow bird sat mourning for her mate,  
All on a willow tree")—

—one of the most beautiful of all; the second was the one in E major, from Book 3, an innocent melody floating on the bosom of a gentle and never-ceasing *arpeggio*—delicious from end to end; the third was the one in A, from Book 1—a vigorous, bright and healthful strain, reminding Mr. Fish always of the chase, the forest and the open sky. To each of these musical idylls was imparted the true poetic character. Of the perfect mechanical execution it would be superfluous to speak. Vincent Wallace's two pieces are god-sends in these times of flimsy production. Mr. Fish hardly knows which to prefer—the prelude or its companion. Both are transparently clear; both show that Wallace has been solacing his spirit in the ardent contemplation of Bach; both are little "gems." Arabella played them *con amore*. Mr. Fish hopes that Vincent Wallace's earnest eye may glance at this brief record; he (Fish) being sure that it will console him (Wallace) to know how much delight his music gave to all who heard it.

The Imperial composition, and the Imperial performance, of the day was the sonata of Beethoven—a whole world of imagination. About this masterpiece Mr. Fish dares utter no word. Enough that the sonata and its fair interpreter, who took the great old master under her wing with loving tenderness, were alike appreciated. At the end Madame Goddard was rapturously called back.

A third "Recital" is promised in February. *Bravissimo!*

Sole and Mackerel—December 14.

COVENTRY FISH.

HERR ANDER.—The report that the favorite tenor of the Imperial Opera, Vienna, had lost his senses is unfortunately confirmed. Herr Ander has been taken to a *Maison de Santé*.

MR. CHARLES ADAMS leaves London for Berlin on Monday, and sings the part of Manrico (*Trovatore*) in the German language at the Royal Opera House on Thursday.

EDINBURGH.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Halle's first pianoforte "recital" took place on Saturday afternoon in the Music Hall, which was filled to overflowing. The following was the programme:—

PART I.—Sonata, in E flat, Op. 29, No. 3—Beethoven; Suite Française, in G—S. Bach; Serenata, "La notte é placida"—Pedrotti; Prelude and Fugue, in E minor, Op. 35, No. 1.—Mendelssohn. PART II.—Grand Sonata, in D minor, Op. 49, —Weber; Impromptu, in A flat, Op. 142, No. 2.—Mozart; Moment Musical, in F minor—Schubert; "La Chasse," Study in E flat—Heller; Canzone, "L'Orfanello"—Arditi; "Cradle Song," in G flat—Henselt; Mazurkas, in B flat and C major—Chopin.

Mr. Halle's concerts are now regularly looked forward to as among the chief yearly musical events of Edinburgh. The accomplished pianist was listened to with marked attention throughout, and the applause was unusually loud and prolonged for an audience in which the fair sex so largely preponderated. Mr. Arthur Edmunds, who was the vocalist, continues to exhibit the same promise of future excellence as he did on his *début* last year. He possesses a tenor voice of fine quality, great compass and flexibility, and his three songs—one given in answer to an encore—were highly appreciated. Mr. J. V. Bridgeman played the accompaniments in his usually unexceptionable manner.

FINIS DEMOLIT OPERA.—On Tuesday the complete demolition of the grand entrance of the Great Exhibition Building in the Cromwell-road was accomplished by the Royal Engineers and Sappers and Miners, under Lieutenant Knoeker. There were present—General Sir J. Burgoyne, Lord Mountcharles, the Marquis of Salisbury, Sir Charles Forbes, Colonel Chapman, Deputy Adjutant General of Royal Engineers, Captain Fowke, &c., with a larger crowd of spectators than on any previous occasion. The grand entrance was a structure consisting of three arches, of between 6000 and 6000 tons of masonry, 150 feet in length by 63 in height. There were 110 charges, or chambers, containing a total force of 18lb. of gunpowder, for the purpose of displacing at one *coup de main* and discharge this formidable mass. At half-past eleven the bugle sounded, and the three batteries were fired, and almost instantaneously the structure crumbled down amid the cheering of the spectators, falling within the enclosure and scattering the bricks or *débris* in the adjoining road, or near the neighbouring houses in the Cromwell-road. The *débris* will be removed to-day, and the entire space cleared and railed in, until it is determined what form the new museum on its site is to assume.



## THE BRIDE OF DUNKERRON.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—The Philharmonic concert on Tuesday evening was brilliantly attended, the society having announced Mr. Henry Smart's dramatic cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron*, the first time of performance since the Birmingham Musical Festival, where it formed such a successful item in the list of novelties produced at that grand gathering. The singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, who contributed their best efforts to the interpretation of the work. The novelty in the present setting of the graceful legend connected with the Rhine is, that Mr. Enoch (who supplies the libretto) transfers the scene of action to the north of Ireland! People of Belfast! remember this, and endeavor to be more peaceful among yourselves, so that there be no more complaining, and no more broken heads in your streets! Ireland has had her sea-maiden restored to her, after centuries of unjust detention on the part of the ruthless Rhinelanders, whose river must speedily be dried up, and its sub-aqueous denizens exposed!—but we must not go further, as that retributive justice might be somewhat inconvenient. The subject has been musically illustrated by many composers, including Benedict (*Undine*), Wallace (*Lurline*), and Mendelssohn, whose splendid fragment (the *Loreley* finale) is known to all. It is, perhaps, hardly too much to say that Mr. Smart has produced the best work on the story, and, in our opinion, the best dramatic cantata we have heard in these modern days, when German creative art appears in its higher phases to be totally extinct, unless we accept Herr Wagner as a veritable prophet, which we do not. Away, Frankenstein!—away, “*Oper und Drama*!” retire to an ever-receding future, while we admire and take our fill of the present Smart! The Philharmonic Committee had the valuable assistance of the composer, who superintended the rehearsals and conducted the performance of his work, so that (although a slight want of preparation was evident, particularly in the choral pieces), the cantata was very well rendered by our local society. The portions which made the most impression upon the audience were, the Serenade (sung by Mr. Cummings)—the Sea-song (Mr. L. Thomas)—the Duet, “Here may we dwell” (Madame Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings), and the Chorus of Sea-maidens, “Hail to Thee!”—which latter was heartily re-demanded. It is a matter of some regret that the Serenade and one or two other numbers are deprived of the great advantage (to the singers especially) of a closing symphony. If this had been so, we are sure the work would have been received with greater enthusiasm, as the audience were in a manner restrained from applause by the continuous march of the pieces, which are artistically interwoven, so as to produce a more dramatic effect. The concerted portions and the Choruses of Storm-spirits told with immense effect; and Mr. Smart (who was twice summoned by the audience at the conclusion) is understood to be highly delighted with the reception given to his work, which, produced in Liverpool, hardly seems done justice to without a similar courtesy being afforded it by our musical brethren in Manchester. What say you, Herr Hallé? The orchestration throughout Mr. Smart's cantata is that of a practised master. Its elaboration in parts rewards the listener by many novel and beautiful effects of tone-colour; and it was a matter of some regret that the fine Sea-song (in which the old English style is so happily present) was deprived of its trumpet accompaniment, the vulgar tones of a cornet-à-piston being substituted, to the utter destruction of the music. The inquiry in many quarters of the room, “Who is Mr. Smart?” should prompt our English musical societies to afford their subscribers more frequent opportunities of hearing works by native composers of tried ability. Mr. Smart is the nephew of Sir George Smart, (whose name in connection with our musical festivals thirty years ago was a household word,) and is one of the most eminent organists and composers we possess. Mr. Smart has lived half the term of life allotted to men among his countrymen in the metropolis; he has not at all likely to receive any favours from the Court, neither have our Universities thought it worth their while to confer any honorary musical degree upon him. It may be remarked that musical degrees nowadays are granted to young men, who think it rather a smart thing to be dubbed “Bachelor” or “Doctor in music,” before they have attained any eminence in their profession. Unhappy Bachelors!—miserable Doctors! In spite of these dreadful drawbacks, Mister Smart, Englishman, very plainly demonstrated to the public of Liverpool, on Tuesday evening, that no foreigner we know of in our own day could musically illustrate the subject he chose in such a worthy manner; and we are heartily glad that that convenient and mischievous delusion—“The English are an unmusical people!”—received such an unmistakable rebuke on this occasion. We believe Mr. Smart has several other works in his portfolio, which have not been publicly heard; and the Philharmonic Society would do itself honour by giving the subscribers a further taste of his quality.

JUNIPER TONANS.

Pipe and Coupler, Liverpool—Dec. 3.

LEIPSIC.—At the first Concert for Chamber Music, given in the Gewandhaus, the programme comprised: Quartet in D minor, for Stringed Instruments, by J. Haydn; Quartet in G minor, for Piano-forte, Violin, Tenor and Violoncello, by Mozart; and Septet by Beethoven. In the first piece the executants were Herren David, Röntgen, Hermann and Luebeck; in the second, the same, with the exception of Herr Röntgen, and the addition of Herr Reinecke (piano-forte); and in the Septet, Herren David, Hermann, Luebeck, Backhaus (double bass), Landgraf (clarinet), Weissenborn (bassoon), and Gumpert (horn). All the above pieces were admirably executed, more especially the Septet, and the applause was both hearty and unanimous.—Ridel's Association gave a grand performance, on the 18th ult., in the Thomaskirche of three of J. S. Bach's greatest works, namely: the “Magnificat,” the “Actus tragicus,” and the second part of the *Weihnachts-Oratorium*, according to the arrangement of Robert Franz, extracts from whose annotations on the first and third works were comprised in the programme for the guidance of the audience. Another good concert was the third Euterpe Concert. The programme, a purely instrumental one, contained: Robert Schumann's Overture to *Genovefa*; C major Symphony, by Franz Schubert; “Sinfonische Dichtung” (MS.), by J. Haber; and in the way of violin pieces: Concerto by Beethoven; two Romances by Schumann (Op. 94, Nos. 2 and 3); and Fantasia by Vieuxtemps on motives from Verdi's *Lombardi*.—Last but not least in the list comes the seventh Gewandhaus Concert, at which the subjoined was the bill of fare: Toccata by J. S. Bach, scored by Heinrich Esser (first time); Cavatina from Handel's *Rodolinde*, sung by Mdle. Amelie Weber, from Strasburg; Concerto (MS.), by Carl Reinecke, for the Violoncello, played by Herr F. Grützmacher; Symphony (No. 2, D major, in three movements) by Norbert Burgmüller (first time); Aria, with *obligato* basset-horn, from Mozart's *Titus*, executed by Mdle. Weber and Herr Landgraf (member of the orchestra); two pieces for violoncello and piano-forte, namely: 1. “Nocturne,” and 2. “Burlesque,” composed and played by Herr Grützmacher; and Overture to *Der Freischütz*, by Weber. The following was the programme of the eighth Gewandhaus Concert: Symphony in E flat major, Haydn; Recitative and Aria from *Così fan Tutte*, Mozart—sung by Madlle. Philippine von Edelsberg, of the Royal Operahouse, Munich; Piano-forte Concerto, No. 1 in C major, Meyerbeer—played by Madlle. Julie von Astens from Vienna; “Reigen seliger Geister” and “Dance of Fairies,” from Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice*; “Siciliana” by Pergolesi—sung by Madlle. von Edelsberg; Piano-forte Solos performed by Madlle. von Astens; 1. “Novelette,” by Robert Schumann; 2. “Scherzo,” by Felix Mendelssohn; Songs by Robert Schumann,—sung by Madlle. von Edelsberg; 1. “Waldeggespräch;” 2. “Frühlingsnacht.”

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# THE NEW OPERA, ROSE; or, LOVE'S RANSOM

WRITTEN BY SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

COMPOSED BY J. L. HATTON.

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The most brilliant success yet achieved by the Royal English Opera Company it is our pleasant office now briefly to report. In very truth, the scenes of enthusiasm and the sounds of triumph from which we have escaped only a very short time before we must be at press, have left us in a state of comparative bewilderment, which unfits us for the grave obligations of our office. *Rose, or Love's Ransom*—composed by a gentleman whose instincts for melody and mastery of the laws of his art are second to none of his English contemporaries, and who, though he has done enough to create several reputations, has yet done so little as almost to compromise his own—is, if we mistake not, a work not only likely to become popular with the masses, but entitled to the earnest respect of connoisseurs. The whole production is marked by a freshness, a freedom, a spontaneity, and an unctious, if we may use the word, in which the anatomist might discover faults, but to the fascination and force of which the ordinary hearer will find it impossible not to yield.—*Sunday Times*.

We are particularly glad to record the success of Mr. Hatton's opera, *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, produced on Saturday night at Covent Garden. We stated unreservedly our opinion that *Helvellyn* was a quasi-failure, and we have been justified by the result. The directors of the English Opera Company deserve great credit for speedily making another venture, instead of forcing upon the public an uncongenial work. *Helvellyn* was an ambitious failure; *Rose* is an unpretentious success. We do but record two facts, which we leave to speak for themselves. It is scarcely fair to the composer to express a decided opinion on a new opera after a single hearing. We may be allowed, however, to state a general impression, that the flowing melodies which abound are attractive enough to secure for the work immediate attention, and that the exquisite orchestration cannot fail to sustain the interest thus early excited. Mr. Hatton has produced so many charming part songs, that we were quite prepared to find his choruses and concerted pieces admirably written, alike grateful to singers and listeners; but we were surprised by the masterly manner in which the whole work is instrumented from end to end.—*Daily Telegraph*.

If full houses and loud applause may be accepted as warrant, Mr. J. L. Hatton's new opera is successful. Though nowhere strikingly original, occasionally Mr. Hatton rises above this level, and shows both ambition and power. Take for instance the quartet in Act 1, "Learned Wizard," the trio in Act 2, "Hail to the fair Theresa," the round in the *Finale* to the same Act, "Dear Rose, with thy pure breath," and the air for Rose, "O blessed sleep" (Act 3), with a remarkably well-contrived accompaniment, which are all dramatic, effective, and in keeping—good music, in short, however considered. How exquisitely Madame Sherrington can sing a plain ballad is shown in this very opera. Her delivery of the pretty little air,

"Gentle flower, canst thou tell  
If my loved one loves me well?"

—the words of which, by the way, are as graceful as they are unaffected—is absolute perfection. No wonder that a spontaneous "encore" is the result. There is another good ballad—that in which Stephen deplors the impending fate of Rose—"Farewell, farewell, my mountain life." So well, too, with such genuine taste and feeling does Mr. Perren give this, that to have to sing it twice is a matter of course. That the new work may prove a real success is to be wished, for certainly the directors of the "English Opera Company (Limited)" have shown no lack of spirit and liberality since the commencement of their enterprise.—*The Times*, December 5, 1864.

Mr. Hatton holds a high place among our English musicians of the time, and this work is worthy of his reputation. His experience and skill in writing for the voice are apparent in every scene. In the airs, concerted pieces, and choruses, the singers are never embarrassed by those unvoiced passages or harsh instrumental intervals so prevalent in music of the modern German school. Mr. Hatton has diligently studied and formed his style upon the most classical models—the works of the great masters of a past age. With the music of Mozart and Beethoven he is especially conversant; and the fruits of his studies are apparent, not only in the clearness, expression, and vocal character of his melodies, but in the purity and richness of his instrumentation. Some of the airs are not only beautiful but quite appropriate, such as Rose's "Gentle flower, canst thou tell?" and "O blessed sleep!" which are not only delightful on the stage, but will be equally so in the concert-hall or the drawing-room. But it is in the concerted music that Mr. Hatton's strength chiefly lies. His trios, quartets, and choruses are uniformly admirable; and the magnificent *Finale* to the second act, so masterly in construction, so rich in harmony, and so full of dramatic effect, is not unworthy of the name of Mozart himself.—*Illustrated London News*, December 3, 1864.

After so many failures and quasi-failures in the efforts of native musical genius, it is pleasant to record and to acquiesce in the favourable verdict pronounced on Mr. Hatton's new work produced by the Royal English Opera Company on Saturday last. *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, contains some of the best dramatic music from the pen of an Englishman that we have heard during recent years. Although Mr. Hatton has not achieved the desideratum of a thoroughly English style, his opera displays so much refined taste, earnest endeavour and technical skill, that it deserves a hearty welcome after the loose scrambling productions which have of late cast ridicule on the very name of English Opera. Mr. Hatton's music will, doubtless, prove as attractive to the public as it will certainly add to the reputation of a composer already held in high

estimation, although comparatively untried in dramatic music of any pretensions. Mr. Hatton's opera is a work of greater promise than any similar recent English production; and the fault will rest with himself if he does not make his present deserved success a starting point for a creditable career as a dramatic composer.—*London Review*, December 3, 1864.

Our general impression is simply this, that Mr. Hatton is a musician of rare gifts and acquirements; that he owns a strong and legitimate sympathy with the great works of the masters whose art he follows, and possesses, moreover, a command over technical means, the resources without which not even the simplest thought can be artistically expressed, which many more gifted composers cannot lay just claim to. With all our knowledge of, and love for, the best of the best which all countries have hitherto produced, we own that a great many pieces in "*Love's Ransom*" pleased us very much, and that its author is entitled to rank with the ablest whom modern musical England, with all its foreign learning, native inspiration, almost hopeless ambition, and heart-sickening war with ignorance and prejudice, has shown to the world.—*Morning Post*.

The Royal English Opera authorities have presented another new work from the pen of a native composer. Mr. J. L. Hatton's new opera, in three acts, called *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, produced last Saturday, met with a reception more than ordinarily enthusiastic, even for a first night's audience. The overture was encored by acclamation; and no less than four numbers in the first act were redemanded in a forcible manner admitting of no denial. We cannot, on the present occasion, speak so much in detail as we hope to do, but by his latest production, Mr. Hatton will, no doubt, establish himself still more emphatically in the estimation of connoisseurs as an earnest, genial, and thoughtful composer, whose talents are an honor alike to himself and the country of his birth. We do not imagine this an opera which will become as popular among the masses as many of its predecessors, and this proposition is, rather than not, complimentary to the composer; for no one knows better than Mr. Hatton himself, that the musical works which have been of late years most widely known have also been, in numerous instances, the most worthless of their class.—*Era*, December 4, 1864.

Mr. Hatton's new opera of *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, produced here with very great success, is certainly one of the most charming works that have been given for many years. Mr. J. L. Hatton has long been known as an accomplished musician, and has previously produced with considerable success an opera at Vienna; and great have been the anticipations of his new opera in musical circles, the singers engaged in it having spoken everywhere as to its many beauties of melody and rich musician-like scoring. It is very pleasant to find that there are English composers equal to any of the foreign writers, and still more so to find that the new Opera Company are willing to bring them forward; and anything more creditable to their taste, judgment, and liberality than Mr. Hatton's new opera it is difficult to imagine. Light, sparkling, and smooth-flowing, it is every way adapted to popularity; it never seems to drag a weary length, but flows in one continuous stream of charming airs and concerted pieces, and abounds in those salient *morceaux* that become in time the staple commodity of the music-seller and organ-grinder; the last, indeed, being the highest popularity a composer can obtain, as it is a natural and true test of public opinion, and unforgotten by a noisy and vulgar *claque*. The most salient features of the opera are the overture, a ballad for Rose, "Gentle flower, canst thou tell," Stephen's song, "Free as the mountain air," Theresa's ballad, "My own, my native vale," an *adante* movement from Rose's *scena* ("Kind Heaven, hear my humble prayer"), the *Finale* to the second act, in which occurs some exceedingly melodious passages, and a very elegant duet for the lovers, "Alas! they say that time is fleet."—*News of the World*, December 4, 1864.

The production of an opera by Mr. J. L. Hatton was an event that was sure to attract a large audience; it was not surprising, therefore, that *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, brought together one of the largest houses of the season. There is, perhaps, no English composer who is better known in the drawing-rooms of England and by our modern musical community in general, than Mr. J. L. Hatton. He has composed many of the finest and most popular ballads of the present day. Those who had any knowledge of the previous compositions of Mr. Hatton would naturally expect that he would display all the wonderful powers of ballet writing by giving some "taking" melodies,—he has, moreover, shown that he is as great a master of the powers of the various instruments in the orchestra, and can furnish them with music equally as well as for the voice. The opera abounds with intricate passages, which display the thorough knowledge of a composer of the highest power. The instrumentation is of the most elaborate character, demonstrating that the composer is a complete master of his art, and showing that it was not because he could not write operas that we have had only two from his pen. There was great excitement in the theatre on the first night, encores following in quick succession, and the heartiness of the applause was more like an ovation to an old favourite, than the critical opinion of a musical audience, nine-tenths of whom were "wett up" in music, and capable of appreciating the new work. The popular composer, however, seemed to possess the sympathetic and good wishes of the whole house. The opera was an unmistakable success, and we have seldom seen greater enthusiasm displayed by everybody than on this occasion.—*Weekly Times*, December 4, 1864.

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